

## 31knots

# "Candles On Open Water"

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Temper cold, temper swells,  
Temper breathes, temper says "All I want".

Outsource the innocence. Make the day disappear.  
Caught up in the fake focus of the day.  
We're so excited, we're as bright as the barricades.  
Day-glow emotions suppressed so we can suffocate.  
This is the sound of a fit or compulsion.  
And this gets taken in, never coming out again.  
We took to waiting and we made it a game.  
For every creek we had a person and a name.  
Bitter ellipsis in search of a sentence.  
We act... as if... laughing in the distance.

Everybody wants a cursor to burden.  
Everybody a patient escape.  
Everybody wants an hour clock to bury.  
Everybody wants, everybody wants  
Candles on open water.  
Candles on open water.

Up from the temples came the boiling of blood  
Then rushed down through to fingertips and anything  
touched by us.  
One could claim it was a state of emergency.  
But one would have to work to purchase some  
modesty.  
I categorically abhor the reports,  
Alleging every mention that we make is of more.  
In as much time as it takes to make more we have had  
less. [x4]

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